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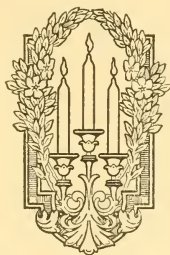
TO THE GOLDEN GATE AND BACK



TRAVEL LETTERS
—BY—
LLOYD SMITH

Complements of the author

TO THE GOLDEN --- GATE AND BACK



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AGITATOR PRESS
WELLSBORO, PA.

F595-
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"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be happy as Kings."
—Stevenson.

By Transfer
MAY 4 1919

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Lloyd Smith Writes of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Grand Canyon, Arizona, May 9, 1913.—Shortly after Mrs. Smith and I returned from the Pacific coast two years ago, I met an acquaintance who greeted me by saying, "Well, I read your pieces in the paper."

A good many times the Agitator has opened its gracious columns to me, and numerous friends have been kind enough to say nice things regarding my letters of travel. It is doubtless true that many people, whether they themselves have traveled or mostly "stop at home," enjoy descriptions of faraway scenes, and of lands that differ from their own. I like to feel that not only my friends but also others whom I have never met, do me the honor to read what I find pleasure in writing. And so I am going to talk to you all again through the "paper," and I begin with this toast:

"Here's to those I love,

And here's to those who love me,

Here's to those who love those I love,

And to those who love those who love me."

Leaving Chicago at night in a fierce shower of wind and rain, after an acrid argument with the taxicab driver over the fare—but what's the use arguing with a taximeter!—stopping for a day in Kansas City, the second morning revealed the plains of western Kansas, where the sandy soil—except here and there an irrigated patch—yields no such returns to the farmer's toil as the rich black loam farther east. Thence into Colorado, and at La Junta (pronounced Lay Hunta) the railway divides, a branch running north to Denver, while the main line heads southwest

—twelve hundred miles to Los Angeles.

Gradually the landscape changes from prairie to foothills, steadily the vegetation becomes sparser, until little but dwarf cedars and sage brush meet the eye. At Trinidad a "pusher" locomotive is attached to the train, and we slowly climb to the mountain tops, through many a gorge and frequent tunnels, pass numerous adobe villages housing the Mexicans and halfbreeds who work in the coal mines. A gentle roaring in the ears betokens the altitude we've gained. By the middle of the afternoon we had dropped down into New Mexico, then rode until nightfall over a semi-arid plain covered with short grass, evidently sufficient, however, to sustain some scattered herds of cattle. Occasionally, too, green fields and cultivated lands, explained by the ditch of water running through. Innumerable gophers, or prairie dogs, upright on their haunches, and blinking at the passing train, added a touch of interest to an otherwise dreary outlook.

I ate in three states that day, each time in one of the famous Harvey eating houses, where an abundance of the best of everything the markets, far and near, can supply, is deftly served by trim young women—a welcome change from the deadly monotony of the railway dining car, where the service, however good, but faintly conceals an itching palm.

The dawn of the third morning rose upon the Arizona desert, an unending stretch of sand, sage brush and alkali. But all this desolation would be transformed into fertile fields if only water could be made to flow. Some day irrigation will cause this barren waste to "blossom as the rose."

Late that afternoon I arrived at

the Grand Canyon of Arizona—sometimes called the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river—one of the objective points of my present trip. The foregoing paragraphs relate mainly to such incidents as belong to the conventional overland journey, but to see and to explore the Grand Canyon is an event of a lifetime.

The Grand Canyon can be reached only by the Santa Fe railway, and while the canyon itself is one of our national parks, that corporation controls it, and operates the various concessions. A quaint hotel, the El Tovar, adjoins the railway station, and here the travel stained tourist finds comforts to delight his weary frame and delicious foods to tempt his appetite. The Rendezvous, or lounging room, is replete with hospitable joys—its glowing fireplace an invitation to escape the chill night air, and rest awhile after the tramps and trails of a strenuous day. The floor is carpeted with Indian blankets, the walls hung with antlers and skins of wild beasts laid low by the hunter's rifle. Nearby stands Bright Angel Camp, where good accommodations may be had at moderate cost. Close to the hotel is the Hopi House, where every evening natives of that Indian tribe dance for the coins of the visitors. Others toil at the looms or the basket weaving, and under the same roof their handiwork is exposed for sale.

I shall not attempt to describe the Grand Canyon in all its majesty. To paint it in words which would adequately convey its splendor sublime is beyond the powers of finite man. One writer has said, "The Grand Canyon is just the Grand Canyon, and that is all you can say. I have seen people rave over it; better people struck dumb by it; even strong men

have cried over it; but never yet man or woman who expected it."

Mr. Elmendorf, in his illustrated lecture on the Garnd Canyon, tells of a native guide who by reason of his excessive profanity, was known as "Swearing Joe." Profane language is by no means uncommon in Arizona—quite the contrary—but "Joe," it seems, had acquired a lurid vocabulary which distinguished him among his fellows. He had never seen the Canyon, until one day he went with the Elmendorf party, and while they were looking into those awful depths, "Joe" joined them. A moment he stood speechless, then reverently lifted his hat, and with a hush in his voice exclaimed, "My God!" The incident but typifies the awe-inspiring power of that mighty chasm—it is as if one stood, abashed and afraid, in the presence of one's Maker.

An artist brought his young bride to the Canyon. He had made other pilgrimages here, but this was her first. Desiring to observe the effect of a sudden view, he led her blindfolded to the rim, then removed the bandage from her eyes. A long time she gazed on that amazing scene, then turning to her husband, tears streaming down her cheeks and choking her voice, she cried, "If you ever attempt to paint that, I will leave you."

It will not be difficult now, I fancy, for my readers to understand how presumptuous—I had almost said blasphemous—it would be for me to undertake to picture the canyon in all its splendor. Certain details, however, are within my scope, and these I will endeavor to set down in readable style.

The canyon is a tremendous gash cut in a table-land of 100,000 square miles. Its length, following the Colorado river, is upwards of two hundred miles, and the distance from

rim to rim is thirteen miles. And its depth—fancy yourself standing on that dizzy brink and gazing down six thousand feet. To use the illustration of another traveler, "The walls of the Canyon are fifty times as high as the walls of the gorge at Niagara, and if Niagara Falls themselves were set at the bottom of the cleft, one would need a strong glass to see them from the top."

How came this indescribable cleavage? Doubtless largely by the erosion of water and the relentless ploughing of glacier, although the volcano may have played a part, as here and there are traces of lava, and I observed that some layers of rock stood nearly vertical, others slantingly, but for the most part they lay horizontal. The strange shapes which so excite the wonder of the onlooker must be ascribed to erosion. Many of these bear resemblance to the temples built to heathen dieties of ancient lands, and have been named Brahma, Zoroaster, Confucius, Osiris, and so on. Another might have been the model for a modern battleship, and one huge mass shows the outlines of a monstrous alligator.

Excellent facilities have been provided for seeing the Canyon to the best advantage, so that tourists may lose no time, and may accomplish their sight-seeing with a minimum of discomfort. There are various trails down and up and through the canyon, and the Santa Fe railway company has constructed a macadam highway along the rim, called the Hermit Rim road. From this leads the Hermit Trail, which doubtless will in time be most largely followed. But the popular route is the Bright Angel Trail—seven miles from the hotel to the Colorado river, and back again. This is the one I chose.

Mounted on mules—horses are seldom used because of the steepness of the descent, the necessary straining proving injurious to feet and knees—our party set forth early in the day, returning at five in the afternoon. For more than an hour we followed a zigzag course down the canyon-side, marveling at the ever changing vistas, and pausing now and then to gather courage to round a cliff whose narrow pathway overhung a precipice whose foot was hundreds of feet below. A touch of beauty now and again drew our attention from the massive walls of brown granite and chocolate colored sandstone which towered above us, as we caught sight of the scarlet pedals of the dwarf cactus blossoms peering forth among the boulders, or the wild sweet peas flaunting their purple and white alongside the sombre tinted sage brush or at the foot of a drab old juniper tree.

At the Half Way house we paused, to limber up our stiffening knees, and take long draughts from the spring which gushed from the mountain-side. Then to our saddles again, riding awhile along a less precipitous pathway, coming in time to the Devil's Corkscrew, where the descent was so steep and the trail so stony, our guides forbade the risk, and commanded us to follow the mules on foot. This devious way was soon left behind, then we rode without interruption until high noon, when we halted on the sandy shore of the Colorado river. Here that turbid stream, a hundred feet wide and forty feet deep, rushed swiftly by, confirming the tales of daring explorers who had risked their lives in a brave effort to steer their boats through those perilous rapids.

Now our lunch boxes were unpacked, and in the shadow of a mighty

rock we satisfied the appetites sharpened by the rigors of the trail. The return trip was made without undue incident, but required more time than the downward jaunt, since the mules must needs be given an occasional chance to rest and gather fresh breath.

I had an excellent mount—"Carrots" was her name, but she didn't seem to mind that. Sometimes I thought she ventured a little nearer the edge of the narrow path than necessity required, but she brought me safe to the journey's end, so won my admiration and respect. The efficiency and endurance of these unlovely beasts are little short of marvelous. Patient and surefooted, they know every step of the trail, and need no guidance from the rider's hand. In fact, it is the part of wisdom not to interfere—the mule knows better than the driver the safe course to pursue. At the Half Way House I met Captain Hance, an oldtime guide and explorer of the canyon. He has spent twenty years in these environs and probably knows them more intimately than any other living man. Some years ago he conducted Mr. El-mendorf down the trail. The lecturer was manifestly timid, and kept pulling the mule's head away from the edge. Finally "Cap" Hance could stand this no longer, and he blurted out, "You d—d tenderfoot, let that mule alone!"

It took two hours of steady climbing to cover the last quarter of the trail, and when at last we had risen above the topmost incline, we were a tired but happy party, conscious of an achievement which we would not have missed, and proud and the knowledge we had gained of one of the sublimist wonders of the world. I bade "Carrots" an affectionate farewell, hoping we might some day meet

again. However, since that ride I have acquired a fondness for soft cushions, and I am reminded of the man who, when asked how he felt after his first horseback ride, replied, "Well, I'm better off."

My most vivid impression of the canyon, and the one which will endure throughout all my days, was received when I stood at the close of day close by the rim at Hopi Point, and watched the rays of the setting sun soften the rugged outlines of this Titan of Chasms. When I alighted from the carriage the sun was yet a little way above the horizon. Cliff and tower, temple and amphitheater, gorge and trail were aglow with radiance; the Colorado river, a mile beneath my feet, seemed a silver thread. Beyond the farther rim the desert stretched its pathless, desolate way. Then as I looked, the ruler of the day sank from sight behind the faraway mountain. Still the eastern walls of the canyon glowed with the reflection of the flood of light into which the sun had fallen. But the spirit of change was descending upon the western steeps. First, a blue haze overhung the chasm, then dark and forbidding shadows came forth and wrapped those mighty upstanding walls in darkness. Steadily the ruddy tints of the cliffs to the eastward yielded to those conquering shadows, slowly night's curtain fell. And up among the glittering stars the newborn moon, "a silver sickle gleaming far," shed a soft and gentle radiance over that sleeping scene. Reluctantly I unclasped the spell which had bound me to that weird spot, and turned away. Surely, no other such grandeur as this—nowhere on God's foodstool do earth and heaven seem to so nearly meet.

LLOYD SMITH.

UPS AND DOWNS IN CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Smith's Word Picture of Sunset Land and Her People.

Los Angeles, May 20.—One bright sunshiny day in January, 1911, Mrs. Smith and I first saw this promised land. We had left the plains of Texas, the desolate, sand-blown stretches of Arizona, and when the sun rose upon the last lap of our westward journey, it saw us climbing the slopes of the southern spurs of the Sierras. In a few hours the summit was gained, and our iron steed sped away to the beckoning foothills. Soon the habitations of man began to appear, and as we hastened along, orchards of apricot, of walnut and olive flanked many a bungalow in which peace and plenty seemed to dwell. Still our eager eyes looked for something more, and when the train rounded a hill which overhung the valley our dream of years had come true—for there, far as the sight could reach, lay the matchless gold and green of the orange groves. Then indeed was the weariness of the desert lifted, while we drank in the beauty of the scene, and filled our lungs with the air which was soft with sunlight and fragrant with bloom. With never a murmur, we yielded to the spell of this bewitching southland, and banished our doubts of the truth of the tales other travelers had told.

So, a week ago, with these clustering memories to soothe the hardships of travel, I once more rode into Sunset Land, and awaited the vision of a never forgotten day. Again the steed of steel raced madly down the mountain-side, again I saw the hardy orchards of the uplands, one by one the intervening hills were left behind, and at last I looked again into the valley down below. But alas!

an evil day had fallen upon this fair land and robbed it of the charm of other days. The groves were there, but instead of their former sheen, sickly foliage and deadened limbs. No golden globes hung from those branches, but the ground lay thick with rotting fruit to tell the tale of wintry winds and freezing nights.

Probably never in its history has southern California received so severe a jolt to its prosperity as now. The winter of 1912 was rather worse than usual, and the citrus fruit crop therefore less profitable than in preceding years. But the growers renewed their courage, hoping for a bumper yield in 1913, only to see their oranges frozen, their thrifty trees seriously damaged, and many of the young orchards completely ruined. In the Riverside-Redlands district are some of the best groves in California, yielding in good years a net income of \$200 to \$300 an acre. From the car window I saw hundreds of trees bare of fruit, their topmost branches leafless and dead.

The estimated value of the California citrus crop, under favorable conditions, is twenty-five millions of dollars annually. I am told that probably not ten per cent. of that amount will be realized this year. An acquaintance says he knows men who own orange groves easily worth \$150,000, but who are now borrowing money from the banks to buy bread and butter with. These can doubtless "weather the gale," but the owner of a few acres planted to oranges alone forces an outlook far from encouraging.

The past winter here was not what we in the east would call "hard." The mercury ranged on the coldest nights from 12 degrees to 18 degrees above zero. But this is a semi-tropical country seldom visited by frosts,

and even when these do come, the citrus trees are protected by "smudge pots"—sheet iron contraptions burning crude oil. But even these failed to save the crop when the January "northers" swept down from the mountains.

"It never rains but it pours," is an old saying quoted often. It fits here in southern California, although "rain" is a misnomer. The freeze last winter so discouraged the fruit growers that many of them decided to raise alfalfa and the grains instead. But these need abundant moisture early in the season, and the winter rains have for years made dry farming (as opposed to irrigation) fairly profitable. This year the rainfall has been far below normal, with the result that the fields are dry, the grain and hay crop scant. The loss of the citrus crop alone is beyond measure, and now comes the drouth to lay its weight of disaster upon already burdened shoulders.

But "hope springs eternal in the human breast." Stricken though this section has been, its people have not lost courage; on the contrary, they have set to work with unflagging zeal to recoup themselves for the damage done. Dead branches of the orange trees are being clipped and burned, and the deciduous fruits are becoming more generally cultivated. Irrigating plants are undergoing improvements, to meet the evergrowing demand for water, which is the life of the land. Building goes on with steady pace, new and better roads help to hasten the day when, as Californians believe, the count will show a greater number of automobiles than in any other state of the Union. So hope is in the air, and faith calmly awaits the hour when unkind fate shall have ended its

sway, and beauty and bounty once more reign supreme.

So much for the discouragements which the people of southern California have met since the day, a little more than two years ago, when it seemed to me that here was an earthly paradise, a land where worldly contentment had chosen its "dwelling place throughout all generations." And I do not now want to convey any impression of disparagement or disillusion. I still believe in this land of bloom—even in the midst of the drouth I have seen banks and pillars of roses which would fill with unspeakable delight the souls of some of my feminine friends back home who I know love flowers with "love that surpasseth knowledge." The soil is here, water is here or will be, and sunshine. With these to command, no people can suffer long—Mother Earth "will not always chide."

Except for the drouth, the weather is delightful. Sunshiny days—not too warm—and nights just cool enough to suggest light wraps in the evening, and a woolen blanket at bedtime. Not a drop of rain have I seen since leaving Chicago, more than two weeks ago. Had enough there to satisfy me for a long time.

Los Angeles continues to grow and grow, and grow some more. I don't know what its population is to-day, and I'm not going to ask any Angeleno. He probably would say it's somewhere between 300,000 and 400,000, and is sure to be a million by 1920. The dauntless optimism of the Angelenos is an object of wonder, and beautiful to behold. They have got plenty to brag about, however, and as I like Los Angeles the best of all the cities on the Pacific slope, I have no wish to question the veracity of its boosters.

But after all is said in praise of southern California's climate, if I could choose my time, it would be in winter that I would seek its charm. The past winter was an exception—mild in the east, severe in the west. But taken as the years go, winter in the north brings storms that paralyze, and cold that bites and deadens. And by the same average, winter in this latitude is mild, the sunlight has "healing in its wings," and the groves are laden with fruits that are sought after to the ends of the earth. In summertime, though, I have yet to find a climate more enjoyable than that which sweetens the green clad hills and peaceful valleys of the Alleghenies.

At Riverside I found the Wellsboro colony numbering practically the same as two years ago—J. A. Beach, S. B. Wilkins, E. A. Ingerick and their respective families. Here also I met our genial friend, Frank Marvin, just wayfaring, and enjoying it immensely. He brought some Tioga county money out here with him—to spend, but (so far as I know) not to invest.

Rev. N. L. Reynolds still yields to none in his love for this beautiful country. He lives back by the foothills in a house built by his daughter, Dr. Myra Reynolds, of Chicago University, and she also, I am informed, will make this her home upon the completion (in 1917) of twenty-five years of service in that institution. The "Elder" (everyone hereabouts affectionately dubs him "Grandpa") showed me about the new house, which is to be his home for the rest of his days. It is built against the hillside, therefore has three stories in front, and two in the rear. He said, as we stood looking out across the valley and on to the sublime peaks of the San Jacinto

mountains, "I don't know which to do—to have my room in the lower story where it's cool in summer and warm in winter, but where the outlook is limited, or on the third floor, where it will be hot in summer and cold in winter, but where I can have at will that glorious view."

Although almost eighty-six years old, the "Elder" is still active, and works steadily in his lemon grove, which escaped the past winter's freeze. In leaving, I asked if he had any message for Wellsboro, and with tears in his eyes he said he wished he might shake hands once more with the friends he knew so long and loved so well. Then, with the oldtime twinkle in his eye, he said he read every word in the *Agitator*, even to the names of those who brought milk to the condensery.

LLOYD SMITH.

WELLSBORO MAN IN CALIFORNIA

Very Interesting Letter by Mr. Lloyd Smith.

San Francisco, May 31.—“California Invites the World in 1915.” This is the watchword strung in giant letters across the length of the great ferry house which is the gateway to the metropolis of the Golden West. The overland traveler, crossing the bay from Oakland, where his train halts, cannot escape this cordial invitation. And when he has entered into the busy life of the city, he will hear “1915” drop from every lip. The Panama-Pacific Exposition is under way, and surely the sons and daughters of men, even to the ends of the earth, must come to see.

I doubt if ever any city were so overshadowed by a coming event as is San Francisco over the spectacle which will be offered here two years from now. And rightly so, for the Exposition will not only commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal—the crowning achievement of this lusty nation; it will widen and deepen the wealth-bringing channels of trade to western shores; and it will give to California the glory of celebration. No wonder the Golden State feels its broad bosom swell with pride as it foresees the long processions of visitors to its wide-flung gates.

Just a few statistics. The Exposition will be a \$50,000,000 proposition. Its foundation was laid in the pledge of an original fund of \$17,500,000 by the people of San Francisco and California. The grounds of the Exposition adjoin the Presido, the military reservation, close by Golden Gate Park, against whose front the white-capped breakers of the Pacific dash themselves evermore. The site chosen for the Exposition comprises

a tract of approximately six hundred acres. Of this wide range fifty acres will be devoted to horticultural display, twelve acres to railroads and miscellaneous exhibits, fifty acres for a military drill and aviation field, ten acres to the U. S. government exhibit, forty acres to state buildings, about the same area to foreign buildings, twenty-five acres to live stock, and sixty-five acres to amusement concessions. Already more than six thousand applications have been made to install amusement features on the midway.

The Exhibit Palaces, fourteen in all, will be devoted to the fine and liberal arts, manufactures, education, agriculture, automobiles, and every other industry or useful activity in the whole world. The Festive Court, built in Oriental style, will be dedicated to music, pageantry and the drama. The Court of Honor will surround a sunken garden flanked by fountains and statuary and rich tropical verdure, while over its entrance will rise the Tower of Jewels, flashing its radiance even to the peaks of the Sierras, and far out beyond the portals of Golden Gate.

I walked through the Exposition grounds yesterday. Everywhere are the tokens of a giant enterprise, already the splendid conceptions of the master minds of the builders are taking shape. Here the massive machinery building is rearing its frame—a thousand feet long, one hundred and thirty feet high. The ground whereon it stands, like much of the Exposition site, was formerly tidewater land, so long piles must be driven for the buildings to rest upon.

I hold no fee for the Panama Exposition, neither have any of its officials requested me to exploit its undoubted attractions, but I do not hesitate to urge all who can to come

here in 1915. The Exposition itself will doubtless surpass all its predecessors in scope, in variety and in beauty. Placed between the Presidio and the Bay, it will afford a setting for military and naval pageantry such as could be found nowhere else on the continent. Add to this environment the luxuriant foliage and brilliant blossoms of a semi-tropical land and a picture will be made which all eyes will delight to behold. Not only will the Exposition be worth coming to see—other sights will appeal to those who enjoy the unique, the typical things. Two of these are close at hand, and can be visited in a day—Mount Tamalpais and Muir Woods. The former overtops the bay, its summit is reached by “the crookedest railway in the world,” and here you may look out upon a panorama of city and plain, snow-capped mountains and white crested waters that will leave its impress on your memory for all time. Muir Woods is a natural reservation of towering redwoods, unscathed by the woodsman’s axe, and forever safe from the onslaught of the timber kings. Last Sunday afternoon I walked among these monarchs of the woodland, and forgot the cares of the workaday world in the serene presence of the “forest primeval.”

One hears much out here of the anti-alien land law, enacted at the recent session of the legislature and approved by Governor Hiram Johnson, despite the protest from the national administration offered in person by Secretary of State William J. Bryan. Many Californians are much wrought up over what they term the “Asiatic invasion.” They claim to foresee the day when the Orientals will possess the land unless restricted. The law is aimed particularly at

the Japanese, although of course it hits other aliens as well.

Doubtless there is some ground for this determination to prevent the Japanese from becoming land owners in California. It is said that wherever they have bought city property real estate values in that neighborhood immediately are depressed, because white people will not live alongside the Japs. So they move out, and the Orientals take advantage of the opportunity to buy more property. The fields are cultivated and the crops are gathered by aliens. White workingmen will not work in their company. In many parts of the state Japanese and Chinese have bought up farming lands, and till them with handsome profit. The strawberry crop is practically controlled by the Japs, and one wealthy Chinaman is known as the "potato king." Other products of the soil, particularly vegetables, are largely grown and marketed by these foreigners, and the Californians fear that unless this industrial march is soon halted, it will not be many years before the aliens will have disposed the Anglo-Saxons of their birthright. This was said to me by Mr. G. W. Langan, an Oakland attorney, who formerly lived in Wellsboro, and studied law, as I recall, in the office of Hon. William A. Stone: "The Pacific coast states have a population of two and a half millions. China and Japan could easily spare twenty-five millions of their teeming hordes; if California's gates remain open to them, and California's soil is permitted to pass into their hands, what is to become of our own sons and daughters whose right it is to fall heir to this western empire! The Asiatic invasion is a menace to our prosperity, robbing our young men of opportunity, and paving the way for their exodus into communi-

ties where they will not be forced to compete against degraded labor. Already much harm has been done in this respect—our youths will not work with Japs, Chinamen or Hindoos, so many of them are idle, and are contracting habits which idleness ever begets. This," concluded Mr. Langan, "is the Californian point of view, and you easterners would withhold your criticism of our anti-alien land law if you understood the situation properly."

So there you have in brief the argument of doubtless the majority of Californians favoring the recent legislation which has aroused so much comment throughout the country, and apparently strained relations between this nation and Japan. Not all Californians, however, endorse the anti-alien crusade, for one hears occasional dissenting voices, and it is possible the referendum will be invoked to determine whether the law shall become operative or not. To the disinterested outsider this question arises: What would California do without Asiatic laborers? As already stated, they till the soil, they harvest the crops, in many instances they also market the product. They do the housework, cook and serve the meals, and are the most efficient men-servants in the world, although it is true that they show a tendency to become arrogant and "uppish." I heard of an instance where a lady was taking her Japanese house servant to task for something or other, when he replied, "You no like what I do, then I go away." One might remark in passing that the Japs "are not alone in that."

Whether the Orientals, if prohibited from becoming land owners, will be content to remain here merely as laborers, or will gradually migrate to countries where they may hold

what they acquire, it is impossible to foretell. It is probable, though, that much of the labor of this western coast will always be performed by Asiatic hands. In one of my newspaper letters two years ago I remarked upon the tendency of the west to multiply laws, and to try new experiments in legislation. The legal grist is still large, and Governor Johnson is spending these hot days in Sacramento scanning the hundreds of bills left to him as a legacy from the recent session. And yet I read in a leading San Francisco daily, "California is the worst governed state in the Union." I am assured, however, by those who are doubtless competent to judge, that such is not the case.

One of the bills passed by the legislature, and now awaiting the signature of the Governor, will require every man contemplating matrimony in California to advertise his forthcoming marriage in the public prints, and to provide himself with a health certificate. This is going in for eugenics with a vengeance. What will become of the Romeos, and what will be the use of a fair maid consenting to an elopement, then descending a ladder on a dark night while father and mother are snoring peacefully in their beds?

There is much rivalry and some bitterness between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and this is shared to some extent by the population of southern and northern California, respectively. The people of the south would favor the division of the state into two states. Acting upon this sentiment, one of the senators from the northern section introduced a freak bill during the late session providing that the state be cut in two, the part north of the Tehachapi mountain to be known as California, and the southern portion named Cafeteria.

The joke was on Los Angeles, where the serve-yourself eating house is, so to speak, indigenous to the soil.

At Lodi I found Leon Channell. His numerous Tioga county friends will be glad to know that he has already gained a substantial foothold in this wide awake and prosperous town, and is "making good." He has great faith in the future of northern San Joaquin county, round about Lodi, and judging from the thrifty orchards of prune, peach, almond and olive, the acres upon acres of flourishing vineyards, the crops of alfalfa and the facilities for irrigation which we saw in our twenty-mile automobile ride, he has good reason to build his hopes high.

Now I am leaving San Francisco—with something of regret, although I would not unduly prolong my journey. This great city seems to typify more than any other the energy, the courage, the efficiency of the west. No obstacles are too big, no difficulties too hopeless. With steadfast purpose it moves steadily on, confident of its inherent strength, and sure of its high destiny. Come stand with me on Fairmount hill, and look down upon Market street and all the intersecting streets which pour their flood of life and activity into it. See the tall marts of trade, the granite structures where the masters of finance hold sway. What are all these but monuments of zeal! And that steady roar which comes up from below—it is the throbbing of the pulses of industry. Look and listen awhile, then recall that seven short years ago the fire fiend, following close upon the trail of the earthquake, turned the labors of years into smoking ruins. From where we stand, to the water's edge, scarce a building withstood the flames. Can it be that out of those ashes has risen this fair

Phoenix of the twentieth century!
We can but believe the evidence of
our eyes, nor can we refuse homage
to the men of the west who with grim
determination in their souls said to
themselves, "We will build San Fran-
cisco anew!"

Now come with me, when night has
fallen, into one of the cafes where
dull care never enters, where wit
sparkles like the wine which wakens
it, and where laughter and song make
the echoes ring. Seated at some of
the tables are those same San Fran-
ciscans whose belongings were swept
into oblivion in 1906. Undaunted by
misfortune, they set to work to make
themselves a place in the newborn
town. This they have done, but they
have forgotten the straits of other
days, so they come where good cheer
awaits, and as they lift their glasses
this is their cry, "Here's to 1915!"

LLOYD SMITH.

GOLDEN GATE TO PUGET SOUND.

Mr. Lloyd Smith Sees Flower Festival and Many Other Things.

Seattle, June 10, 1913.—From San Francisco to Portland is seven hundred miles. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the distance from Portland to San Francisco is the same. Anyway, it's a long and tiresome ride—two nights and a day. You awaken the first morning in a region of northern California through which the Sacramento river swiftly flows; before long the gray cliffs of Castle Crags tower above the canyon, and towards noon the train stops to permit the passengers to have a drink from Shasta Springs. One draught will satisfy most of them, for iron and magnesia do not tempt the taste. But none can resist the beauty of the scene. To the right of us, to the left of us, and far up the hillside above us, those sparkling waters gush forth and hasten away to chant their merry song to the whispering redwoods.

"When shall we see Mt. Shasta?" is now the query on every lip, as the train winds and climbs onward and upward. Then all of a sudden Shasta stands before us, a silent sentinel, clad in everlasting snow, its forbidding peaks reaching far above the cloud line. From then until near nightfall that majestic mountain dominates the landscape, compelling the admiration of all who look upon it.

Aside from the scenery, I found the Shasta route rather uninteresting, for lack of companionship. The only people in the Pullman whom I thought I would like to talk with were a bride and groom, and they didn't know there was anyone else within a thousand miles of them. I could see him telling her that he

would love her "till the sands of the desert grow cold"—and she believed him. When Mrs. Smith and I rode the Shasta route two years ago, we fell in with some congenial people who helped us to while away the hours, and pointed out the interesting things along the way. But I wasn't so fortunate the other day—the reason doubtless is obvious.

The second morning brought me to Portland, busy but not boastful—in some respects the most prosperous city on the western coast. Oregon has vast resources of fertile soil, towering forests and mineral wealth, and Portland takes toll of all of these. From the heights of the city Columbia river may be seen sweeping to the sea, and the nets of the salmon fisheries provide another source of revenue. And although the city lies some distance from the oceanside, the Willamette river flows by, emptying into the Columbia, thus affording a waterway sufficient to Portland's shipping needs.

It was my good fortune to be in Portland a night and a day while the famous Rose Festival was going on. This is an annual event in the "Rose City," early in June, and it attracts thousands of visitors. Other cities, as Pasadena and Oakland, which also hold flower carnivals, send delegations, and an entire week is largely given over to festivities and display in honor of the flower which has become synonymous with Portland. At high noon on Monday Rex Oregonus, King of the Carnival, arrives on his royal barge and is met at the wharf by a committee composed of the leading citizens. He and his suite are conducted to City Hall, and here the keys of the city are turned over to him by the Mayor. Thereupon Rex Oregonus issues his kingly decree, proclaiming the bene-

ficient Kingdom of the Rose, and directing all his subjects to cease from labor throughout the six days in which his reign shall endure. This command is not, of course, literally obeyed, but the spirit of carnival is abroad, and the streets of the city swarm with eager seekers of the joys which spring from an occasion like this.

And the rose is supreme. No matter where you go, roses everywhere—on the lapels of men's coats, in the hands and arms of women and children, in the windows of shops and homes, on the tables in the cafes, in the rooms of the guests at the hotels—roses, "rich and rare," filling the world with their beauty, and sweetening the air with their fragrance. If you ride among the residences, you will see hedge after hedge of roses, tended with loving care, and rewarding that care by flaunting their best to those who love them.

The exhibit of the Portland Rose Society was displayed in the city armory, and here the competition for prizes took place. As I entered the building my nostrils were greeted with a wave of perfume, and my eyes fell upon a sight I had never dreamed of. Aisles of roses, banks of roses, great vases overflowing with roses, climbing roses—scarlet roses, white roses, and roses of blended hues—bride roses, baby roses, big and broad roses (the first prize winner of the Frau Karl Druschki variety measured fully seven inches across)—American Beauty, La France, Jacqueminot, Marechal Neil, Killarney, Yellow Rambler, Crested Moss, and many others whose names were foreign to my horticultural vocabulary. Surely, if ever there was a bower of roses, that was one.

Throughout the week are various events, all celebrating the reign of

the rose. These include a motorcycle parade, an automobile parade, "The Human Rosebud Parade," a horse and carriage parade, the Grand Rex Ball given under the auspices of the Royal Rosarians of Portland, the Battle of Roses, the Rose shower, and the electric pageant. My time permitted me to see only the last named. It consisted of eighteen floats, each portraying one flower and one precious stone belonging to Oregon, as rose and sapphire; ruby and morning glory; amethyst and geraniums; poppy and agate; poinsetta and bloodstone, and so on. The floats were mounted on street car trucks, with trolley pole attached, so were propelled by electric current through the principal streets. The parade began about nine o'clock in the evening, and lasted upwards of an hour.

I wish I could describe that glittering scene, but it is beyond my descriptive reach. Brilliant with electric lights of all the colors of the rainbow, hung with festoons of flowers, every detail of every blossom and every jewel wrought out, those floats seemed to have come from fairyland. The dainty tints of the rose, the scarlet of the geranium, the garish yellow and shining black of the tiger lily, the iridescence of the opal, the blood red of the ruby—all these, and many more, dazzled the eyes of the spectators, banked deep at the curb, while they marveled upon that amazing view. Portland had been scoured to find its most beautiful young women, and these held the posts of honor in the midst of the slowly moving caravan, illuminating it with their beauty. I could almost testify that some of the men who stood near me—mostly middle-aged men, too, and away from home—looked at those pretty girls more than at the flowers. While the floats were passing through one

of the streets an incident occurred which hadn't been foreseen. Fire broke out in a large store, and while the firemen were playing the hose, considerable water fell on the floats, drenching the young women. They were thinly clad in draperies befitting the occasion, but they were game, accepting their involuntary shower bath without complaint, and sticking to their stations until the parade was over.

The next step north lands the traveler on the banks of Puget Sound, and he enters the hospitable gates of Tacoma, whose lengthwise streets rise in a terrace from the water's edge. Here one may look out upon a panorama of great scope. The Tacomans are a contented people. They don't dream of world conquest, nor do they believe that their city will some day be the Chicago of the west. But they have an abiding faith in their destiny and pay little heed to the boastful claims of their neighbors. One thing they have, though, which no one can despoil them of, and of which no other city can show a counterpart, and that is their mountain—Mt. Tacoma it is to them, although more generally known as Mt. Rainier. Seldom obscured from their sight, it rears its summit fifteen thousand feet towards heaven, as though it would be their guardian forever more. The Indians used to worship this mountain, calling it "the mountain that was God."

Seattle is different. It has many lights, and so far as I can discover, none is hid under a bushel. Its people have accomplished deeds which might well stagger the imagination of other communities, but lest you forget, it's the business of every inhabitant here to remind you. Let me quote a rather one-sided conversation recently heard on the street.

Said one: "A man with one eye ought to see that you couldn't hold Seattle down with Mount Rainier on top of it; in fact I think Seattle pushed the mountain over where it is now. Nature just naturally sat up nights to make a finished piece of work out of the state of Washington, and when it was done they drove Seattle's stakes in the portion where the wild flowers were thickest.

"But, when the world really learns about Seattle they'll be selling tickets for the privilege of living here. My! My! When I think of all the people living somewhere else my heart just bleeds for 'em. Here are we, crowning more hills than Rome, lining the shore of a great arm of the ocean, with the tides pouring in and out billions of tons of water every day, scouring our channed for the biggest ships of the world to come and do business with us. In our back yards we have coal, millions of tons, and in the front yard fish, trillions of them, and clams for those who like 'em, and all around us is the biggest stand of timber in the world.

"While we're looking around to see if there's anything we haven't got, here comes along Alaska and pours \$200,000,000 in gold in our lap.

"Why, boy, we've got the highest birth rate, the lowest death rate, the purest water, the finest fruit, the best lighted streets, the cheapest power, the biggest trees, the biggest banks, the biggest shipbuilders, the biggest flour mills, the ——"

"And the biggest liars," interrupted his listener.

However, Seattle has much to be proud of. No other American city I have seen possesses such scenic wealth. Crowning the hills which overhang not only Puget Sound, but

various beautiful lakes as well, it looks out upon Olympics and Cascades, and in clear weather Mt. Rainier's towering summit and glistening slopes are easily seen. As an adjunct to the scenic treasures Dame Nature has supplied, Seattle's homes are embellished by the flowers and foliage which thrive so well in this climate. Certain private grounds I have seen here are indeed charming examples of what may be done in the realm of landscape art.

To my mind, the biggest thing Seattle has done is its conquest of the hills which stood in the way of its growth. It is doubtful if the pioneers ever dreamed how great Seattle would become, and probably the narrow strip along the edge of the sound seemed to them sufficient room for future traffic. But Seattle grew and continued to grow, and spread itself over the nearby hills. And still the growth went on, and in time men realized that if great business interests were to be attracted there, the business streets must be easy of access. So they set to work to wash the hills down into Puget Sound, some of them three hundred feet high—thus providing for graded streets and the solid front of business blocks. It mattered not if buildings stood on those hills—they were torn down, or moved away, and in some instances left high in the air—on stilts, as it were. The owners could bring suit against the city for damages, as many of them did, with varying results. So to-day Seattle, though still wrestling with the problem of suitable grades in the business district, has busy streets which are accessible, and many fine stores.

I wonder what our Sabbath-observing people back home would think if they were to come out here and note the way the day is spent by a large

percentage of the people. There is, of course, a considerable church going population, and one of the largest churches in the country, said to have a membership of five thousand, is in Seattle. But Sunday is largely held to be a holiday, and therefore devoted to amusement and recreation. The Seattle Board of Public Parks has laid out one of the city parks into sixteen tennis courts and four baseball diamonds. Tournaments and games may be played here on Sunday by arrangement with the Board, but each team may play only in the forenoon or in the afternoon, as it elects, thus giving various teams an opportunity to play sometime during the day. The point I wish to bring out is that these Sunday games have the official indorsement of the city government.

And as for fishing, they laugh at me here when I tell them it's against the law in Pennsylvania to fish on Sunday, and they ask, "Won't the fish in Pennsylvania streams bite on Sunday?" And I reply, "How should I know?"

The other morning going down street with a lawyer friend, I stopped at the courthouse to witness the machinery of law operating under the provisions of equal suffrage, which prevails in the state of Washington. We entered three or four court rooms. In the first a case had just been called, and the jury box was filled—six men and six women. One of the latter was the wife of the city superintendent of schools, the others were evidently women of the same class. In the second courtroom a panel of jurors, mostly women, awaited its turn. Their general appearance was not so prepossessing as that of the first jurywomen I saw. Court was not in session here, and the male at-

tendants were smoking. Cuspidors were plenty.

We came into the third court just in time to see a jury, composed of seven women and five men, admitted by a side door. They filed into the jury box, and after a moment's pause, the judge said, "Ladies and gentlemen, have you reached a verdict?" Then a bright-eyed, alert young woman rose, and handed the bailiff a paper, which he opened and read, "We find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment. Signed, Etta Jones, forewoman." The prisoner, rather a good looking young fellow, arrested for pocketpicking, sat within the bar. The judge discharged the jury, directing the members to take seats in the courtroom. They passed close to where I stood, and I thought they looked sleepy. Then I learned that they had been out all night. Not literally, though—they had failed to agree up to a late hour, then the women were taken by a woman bailiff to quarters provided by the county officials for that purpose, and the men conducted by a male bailiff to similar lodgings. After breakfast the jurors were brought back to the jury room, their deliberations were renewed, and a verdict was soon reached. The female jurors were mostly of apparent middle age—one was elderly and white-haired.

The qualification of a woman for jury service is that she must own property or be the wife of a property owner. In this connection it may be interesting to know that when women register before voting at the polls they are not required to state their age—they need only to affirm that they are "of legal age."

And now another experiment in legislation. At the recent session of the legislature a law was enacted

known as the "Lazy Husbands' Act." Under its provisions any man who refuses to work and support his family shall, upon complaint of his wife, be arrested and put to work upon public improvements, his wages of a dollar and a half a day to be paid to her. Already outside inquiries have been received in the state from women whose husbands are afflicted with a constitutional indisposition to exertion.

When I began this letter I didn't have any definite outline in mind as to its construction. So I have simply rambled on, weaving into my narrative incidents and scenes such as may be heard and witnessed by any traveler who has his ears open and his eyes unshut.

LLOYD SMITH.

TRAVELING IN THE GREAT WEST

Mr. Lloyd Smith Among the Mormons at Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City, June 17. — Since writing my last preceding letter my traveling has been in a region I had not visited before. Leaving Portland and her beautiful roses, the train ran for many miles alongside the Columbia river, now swollen to flood stage by the recent rains and the melting snows in the mountains. Until well towards nightfall the outlook is limited, the river flowing through a gorge with sloping sides leading up to the fertile lands which form so large a part of Oregon's wealth. Here and there, however, one catches glimpses of pillared rocks and sheer palisades. The Dalles is passed, then the bustling little city of Hood River, taking its name from the stream whose waters flow through a valley famous for its apples, then pour themselves into the Columbia. Throughout the afternoon our course was steadily upward, and in the gloaming we looked out upon a rolling country dotted with homes and rich in prosperous farms.

Baker City is a thriving young town in eastern Oregon showing abundant evidences of success in the various branches of industry carried on within its limits or in the surrounding territory. Among its sources of revenue are some productive gold mines not far away. Through the courtesy of the local manager I was permitted to see and to handle a good many thousands of dollars' worth of the yellow metal in its natural state—nuggets from the size of a pea to that of a walnut, chunks of quartz in which the glittering particles shone like noonday, and flakes of pure honeycomb gold

dug from placers or pockets. Handful after handful of the shining stuff I lifted and let fall again into the trays. But none of it stuck fast—it all slipped through my fingers.

The next day brought me into Idaho, and in the early evening the train deposited its human freight in Boise, the capital city. Somehow I had gained the impression that here might be found something of the west that is "wild and wooly." But my dream, like many another, was doomed to destruction. Boise is an up to date city with well kept and well lighted streets, modern business houses, handsome residences, and a first class hotel boasting a roof garden and a cabaret show. The state capitol, recently completed, is one of the finest public buildings in the whole country.

The valley in which Boise lies is rich in resources, of which a soil of surpassing fertility is perhaps the chief. Like much of the western land, however, it must have more water than falls from the clouds, so the streams that tumble down from the mountains are harnessed and led into the waiting ditches. One large dam now under construction will have a surface thirty-five miles in length, and will supply sufficient irrigation for the 250,000 acres ready to yield their bounties when their thirst is quenched.

Salt Lake City probably is the least known among travelers of all the western cities, the prevailing custom being to come out by the southern route and return by the northern, or the other way about. This in some respects is unfortunate, since here the seeker after the things that are unique and unusual will find them. Utah was originally a desert, and much of it is still a barren wilderness. But it possesses the resources

which make men rich and a state powerful. Its mineral wealth is beyond calculation—the output of gold, silver, lead and copper is fully forty millions of dollars annually. And notwithstanding that not more than four per cent. of the total area of the state is under cultivation, agriculture is the leading industry; dry farming and the steady increase in irrigating are transforming the desert into a land of plenty. But enough of statistics, which are usually more or less tiresome.

I never could swim a stroke—Kelsey creek and other streams accessible in my boyhood days were not conducive to this recreation—and I never found any water I couldn't sink in without the slightest difficulty. I went out to Great Salt Lake the other day, donned a bathing suit, and waded (rather haltingly) into the water. I not only could swim, but I also—after considerable practice and some coaching—floated on the surface like a cork. And so the tales I had doubtingly heard of this remarkable inland sea had come true. Of course it isn't impossible to stand upright—the depth is about four feet at the bathing beach—but if you are floating and decide to resume a standing posture, you will do some lively floundering before your feet strike solid ground. While that performance is going on a mouthful or two of water will without doubt be acquired, and after that there will be no inclination to question the statement that the water is twenty-six per cent. salt,—that is, four barrels of water will yield one barrel of salt. The water is sluiced into the nearby flats, and evaporation does the rest. Then the residue is gathered up and taken to the refineries. The annual output of salt so produced is 40,000 tons.

In the minds of the majority of eastern people Utah suggests Mormonism, and therefore, whether justly or not, it does not hold as high a rank as other states. I confess to have been one of those who believe that the Mormon church wields a baleful influence wherever it has gained a foothold, that Mormons regard church authority as supreme in all things, temporal as well as spiritual, and that when the statutes of law conflict with the practices of the church, the faithful will conform to the latter unless compelled by force to obey the former. Let us trace briefly the growth of Mormonism, and glance at the methods of the hierarchy which controls the destiny of thousands of people living in Utah and elsewhere.

Mormonism had its beginning in the little town of Palmyra, N. Y., where in September, 1823, Joseph Smith claimed to have had a visitation from an angel of God, who revealed to him that a new dispensation had been ordained, and that he had been chosen of God as an instrument to bring about some of His purposes. He was told that certain records of the ancient prophets had been hidden for many years somewhere on this continent, and that they would be delivered into his hands in due time. They were so committed in 1827, and were "engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold." Their translation became the Book of Mormon, this being the name of the prophet who inscribed the records. Moroni, the angel who appeared to Joseph Smith, was the son of Mormon. A statue of this visitant now crowns the Temple in Salt Lake City.

Following the alleged delivery of the records Joseph Smith organized the Church of Latter Day Saints, as

the Mormons style themselves. Few in numbers at first, they gradually gained new adherents, and in time attracted the attention of their neighbors who declined to take them seriously. They were driven out of the eastern states, found refuge in Illinois and in Missouri, but always encountering opposition, and being compelled to move on. Finally, in the spring of 1847, Brigham Young headed a company of his fellow believers, and blazed the way for their people through a thousand miles of wilderness, arriving at the present site of Salt Lake City in July of that year. This spot was then selected as the future home of the Saints, and work was begun immediately upon the task of reclaiming the desert so that it might yield sustenance for the Saints and for generations yet unborn.

Such, in brief, is the story of the origin, the hardships and the wanderings of the Mormons, as related by their own historians. Certain incidents, by no means creditable to them, are omitted from their narrative, but these have not been forgotten by those who are conversant with all the facts in this stirring chapter of the nation's history. It cannot be denied, however, that the followers of this strange faith had the courage of their convictions. They believed that a place would be found where they could practice the articles of that faith without molestation, and that there they would be permitted to build homes and earn a living for themselves and their children. That belief has been justified, they hold, and it is with no small pride that they point to their temples of worship and to the city and the state in whose growth and development they have played so large a part.

The population of Utah is not altogether Mormon—about sixty-five

per cent. of it, I am told. Here in Salt Lake City many of the leading men of business and the professions are Gentiles, as they are called to distinguish them from the Saints. There is doubtless some class prejudice, but it does not show on the surface, since the ordinary pursuits of life go on interchangeably as in other communities.

An entire city square is devoted to the Mormon church and its various ceremonies. This is known as Temple Square, and is surrounded by a high concrete wall. The gates are open through the day, and visitors are not only welcome, but will be provided with guides. On Sunday afternoon public services are held in the Tabernacle, and a free organ recital is rendered there at noon every week day.

The Tabernacle is unique. It is a big auditorium, elliptic in shape, and seats 8,000 people. No metals were used in its construction, even wooden pegs taking the place of nails. At the end farthest from the entrance stands the grand organ, said to be the finest instrument in America. The choir has an enrolled membership of five hundred singers. The Temple close at hand is a massive granite building surmounted by six cathedral spires. Visitors are never admitted, this being the Mormon "holy of holies" where the sacred rites of the church are performed. Nearby stand the bronze statues of Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, who are regarded as martyrs.

There are two orders of priesthood in the Mormon church—the Aaronic, which is devoted to temporal matters, and the Melchisedek, which has to do with spiritual things. Each order has its ecclesiastical officers—bishops, high priests, patriarchs, teachers and so on. It is the busi-

ness of the bishops, who belong to the Aaronic order, to attend to the collection of tithes, the distribution of charities to the poor, and whatever relates to the temporal welfare of the church or its people. It is interesting to know that if a Mormon has a grievance against a brother Mormon, he must exhaust the efforts of the various officials of the church to adjust the merits of the case, before he may go to law. He must first go to the teacher, or local minister, and so on up the line to the First President, if necessary. The penalty for disobeying this rule is excommunication from the church.

It was polygamy, of course, and not the promulgation of new and strange doctrines, which made Mormonism a stench in the nostrils of the nation, and led to the enactment of laws forbidding plural marriages. Joseph Smith left various and sundry widows. Brigham Young married these, and then some. Across the street from the "Bee Hive," which was his own house, stands "Amelia Palace," built for his favorite wife. Polygamy was practiced openly in Utah for more than thirty years, even after it had been forbidden by national statute. Finally, however, the laws were so rigorously enforced that plural marriages were discontinued by the church. It is believed that some of the older members still practice polygamy clandestinely, but the present generation abides by the law.

Still, the Latter Day Saints adhere to their argument that the Lord commanded the practice of plural marriages, and they add that only because of the pressure of suffering brought upon the people through the laws of the United States was the President of the church permitted to proclaim its discontinuance. This I

gather from reading a pamphlet entitled "Mormonism," written by B. H. Roberts, who it will be remembered was expelled from the U. S. Congress some years ago for polygamous practices.

So much for Mormonism. It has seemed to me an interesting, although not attractive, phase of religious life, and I have written the foregoing in the belief that at least some of the Agitator's patrons know as little about the subject as I did before coming here. This much, in my judgment, may in fairness be said. Mormonism is not the only religion in whose name crimes have been committed, and if the evil in each is forsaken, and the good exalted, then its believers must needs find in its teachings those guides which lead to right living and the fulfillment of the purpose for which men were placed upon the earth.

I find in Salt Lake City two Wellsboro boys—Ray Petit and Howard Webb. They have not yet become Mormons, and I have not discovered in them any leanings in that direction. They both are employed in the activities of a big construction company which is doing great things in the development of Utah's rich resources, and by a trick which Wellsboro boys have, they are both making good.

And now, dear readers, I am going, as the Pennsylvania Dutch say, to "give you good by." The only other place of unusual interest yet remaining in my eastbound itinerary is Denver, and I wrote that up for you on a previous trip. I trust you have not been wearied by my travel talks, and I can wish you nothing better than to measure for yourselves the long stretches of the Great West, and meet its varied charms face to face.

It has been my fortune to travel

much in this land of ours. I have set my feet upon the soil of nearly every one of the states of the Union, and there are few cities whose life I have not entered into in some degree. But of all the states I have crossed I like Pennsylvania the best. And of all the towns I have known Wellsboro is, for me, the best to live in. It is a comforting thought that I shall soon be among my native hills again, and be treading the quiet streets of Wellsboro. Even though it has a frustrated trolley line, and a public library which instead of "Green" should have been named "Faith"—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"—Wellsboro holds first place in my humble esteem.

Some years ago we had at the Teachers' Institute a musical director who had the habit of turning his thumbs down to indicate the emphasis or "accent" necessary for the most important words. A favorite song of his, and one which he asked the teachers to sing again and again, was "Home Is Where the Heart Is" (thumbs down on "heart"). My thumbs are down.

LLOYD SMITH.

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